

England's King As His Valet Sees Him.



The King With His Dog Takes A Morning Walk.

His Majesty Is a Hero
in the Eyes of His
Man Servant.

Changes His Clothes at
Least Three Times
Each Day.

Latest Fad Is Wearing a
Large Bunch of
Violets.

"THE fierce white light that beats about a throne" may possibly disclose the man behind the crown, but it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the side lights on royalty obtained every day by the individual who assists a crowned head to prepare for his day's work in an up-to-date court.

There is in New York city a young man who was for several years King Edward's valet. His name is Jules Jacques Edward Roth, and his ancestry is the mixture of English and French which is necessary, he will tell you, to a valet who possesses taste and utility. A man may sometimes be a hero to his valet and King Edward is a hero to this fellow, who would never have left his service had not family matters and the falling due of a good-sized estate made him independent.

He tells many interesting things about King Edward. One of which is that his majesty likes to change his clothing three times a day. When at Homburg he has a suit for his early trip to the Springs and later for his morning walk and glass. He puts on a suit for the fashionable driving hour. Then he dresses for dinner. If he is going to be a sport, such as the whip upon a coach or the chauffeur at the wheel of an automobile, he will dress again. He believes that the clothes make the man. And that no man is comfortable who is not becomingly robed.

Has Weak Ankles.

This year the King demands a high polish upon his shoes. This is called the tradesman's polish. The shoes must shine and the fact that the King wears brilliantly polished shoes has given a new zest to the sale of patent leather and bright enamel shoes. His majesty has his shoes polished many times a day, patiently sitting through the process like any ordinary gentleman.

The King has taken to the wearing of low shoes, but they are cut rather high as his majesty has weak ankles. He is not quite as heavy as he was and is able to walk more. For this purpose he is wearing the rather high low shoes, wide and flat with extension soles. They are made of moderately heavy leather and are polished, heels and all, so that they shine. His majesty likes an easy shoe and for years has had his shoes broken in by a valet whose feet are of the same size. Other valets may come and other valets may go, but this one is sure of his job.

The King is wearing gloves to match his suit. With a new gray spring suit he wears castor gray gloves finished to look like gray suedes. They are light in weight and are fastened with large clasps in gray enamel the shade of the gloves. They are always buttoned when he is on parade.

For driving the King wears a pair of brown leather gloves with the tops turned down over the hand. The tops are lined with dark red leather. These gloves match the brown driving suit affected by his majesty and they also match the new leather harness and reins which he has had made this spring for Rotten Row steps.

Buys One Suit at a Time.

For the opening of the present London season the King has purchased many handsome suits. He never buys more than one at a time, but is constantly



In Drawing Room Attire

adding to his store. He never looks shabby and is always one of the best dressed monarchs in Europe.

The shabby appearance of the king of a great country at a recent gathering of royalty in the south of France was commented upon by all the newspapers. King Edward was not the shabby king referred to nor has he ever been known to show a disregard for dress. He is a boon to the tradesmen for he is always inventing something new. He invented the link cuff button nearly forty years ago.

The king has many fads in dress and one of his most recent ones is that of wearing trousers with a double crease. The legs are ironed flat in such a manner that there is a crease at the back as well as at the front. The result is very good for it makes the trousers set well to the legs. They hug the legs more closely and look a great deal tighter than those that are ironed with only one crease and that at the front.

A tailor of London tried to persuade his majesty to start the wearing of trousers with the creases ironed at each side. But the effort was unsuccessful. Such "pants" broaden the figure and make the legs look very fat. A crease at each side gives the legs a curious effect and the fashion did not live more than a day. But the front and back crease is very successful, indeed.

The King, though a very short man, has taken to plaid. He wears a suit of Scottish cloth, deep green and deep blue. The plaids are almost invisible and the suit would pass for that affected by a country gentleman upon his estate.

Afraid of Looking Old.

It is whispered that the King is terribly afraid of looking old and that he is wearing clothes this season twice as gay as those of last year. But this his tailor indignantly denies. "The materials are brighter this year," says the tailor in extraordinary to the King, "and for that reason the suits look louder."

His majesty is very fond of white collars and cuffs, and has a fancy for

laundering them with a very high finish. He wants them to rival his shoes, which are like a looking-glass. Three articles of wearing apparel must have a high polish, and these are his shoes, his linen, and his silk hat.

Recently the King had a dozen shirts made at a London shirtmaker's in a fashionable part of London. Until this time he has employed his own private shirtmaker, but was recommended to try this shirt builder by the duke of Marlborough, with whom he chums a great deal despite the disparity in their ages.

The shirtmaker obtained permission to build the shirts in his own way. When they came home they were made of pale linen, white with tiny violet checks, and with pink checks and pale blue ones. The collars matched. Instead of being white they were faintly colored in the same tiny checks as the shirt. They were attached to the shirts—no buttoning on and the cuffs also were attached.

One feature was very noticeable. Upon the left arm there was a large monogram as big as a butter plate, with the royal crest above it, all worked in colors. The shirts were called outing shirts or sporting shirts. The monogram will show in the summer time when his majesty takes off his coat to play a game of billiards. They are to be worn for a gentleman's game of lawn tennis and for sports where a man can take off his coat politely.

Wears Violets This Year.

The King this spring is wearing violets. He does not don a few nor is he contented with a little purple with leaves attached. He wants a big showy bunch, and he wears it in the buttonhole in the lapel of his coat. It is such a bunch of violets as a girl might wear. He sticks it in his lapel and pins it fast.

His majesty's favorite color this season is violet. Last summer it was pink, and in 1903 he wore blue. This year it is a very pretty violet, and it is seen in his hosiery, in his handkerchief bor-

Latest Photograph Of King Edward VII Taken Six Weeks Ago

ders, in his shirts, and in the flower in his buttonhole.

His majesty is very gay as to his hose, and this is the only note of decided gaiety in his costume. His stockings are made of silk and are of a lavender hue. He has several pairs of black silk stockings with little blue figures and many cream colored pairs figured in blue; as well as dozens in the deeper shades of the same color. He buys hose liberally and his supply is nearly inexhaustible.

"What does King Edward do with his old clothing?" has been frequently asked. After the King has worn them until they are out of style they are bundled into a trunk and sent to the hospitals and here they lie awaiting the convalescent poor. Many a beggar in London, many a tramp, and many a poor but worthy young clerk is wearing garments once worn by the King, without knowing it. The hospitals say nothing, but when a patient recovers he is dressed in a suit and sent out if too poor to buy a suit of his own. And thus the King's wardrobe is turned to charitable use.

The King's Old Cast-Offs.

It was supposed that the King gave his old clothing to his valets. But this is not so. A valet was discharged for selling alleged old suits to credulous gentlemen who supposed they were collecting garments worn by England's King, but the fraud was discovered in time and the valet exposed.

He does not give his cast-offs to his valets for the reason that if he did so there might be embarrassing situations. A valet looking like the King, and of the same size and figure, might walk out of the palace grounds claiming the out of the people who would recognize the clothes and suppose it to be the King.

The King is very particular as to the quality of his linen and for a long time had all his linen sent from India. But of late years he has taken to the wearing of domestic linen, preferring an older grade which has grown soft to the new stiff linen which is uncomfortable. He has his underwear made by the quantity and, when it comes to actual undergarments, he is very fond of the brighter hues.

But the peculiar pride of his majesty's wardrobe is his hat. He loves to wear a hat, and is seldom photographed without his hat on. He has what might be called a hat room. One small apartment is nearly all filled with hats which are kept in excellent shape ready to be put on. He loves a soft hat of the Fedora type, and always wears one when the occasion will permit.

No man in England has the varied headgear of the King. He has the newest fad and not only one but half a dozen. It is necessary to have six for there are occasions upon which a King must wear a silk hat and suppose it were at the height of the London season. At four a coronation is to be held, and his majesty must appear in a silk hat. If there were only one to draw upon any number of embarrassing things



When He Opens Parliament.

He Wears Gay Apparel
to Avoid Elderly
Appearance.

Keeps Ten Varieties of
Hats for Different
Occasions.

Gun-Metal Jewelry Has
Captured His Fancy
This Year.

His majesty is again making a specialty of vests. He has abandoned the idea of leaving the bottom button open and is buttoning his vest all the way up. But he is wearing some very showy summer vests, or getting ready to do so, and in his wardrobe are vests of brocade, vests of very gay duck and linen, and several wonderfully fancy light weight velvet vests. He is never without a supply of handsome vests, and this season, when the vest sensation is sprung, it will be ever more pronounced than usual.

Has Taken to Gun-Metal.

Vest buttons and summer jewelry in general will be quite a fad with his majesty. He has taken to gun metal jewelry and has a gun metal watch chain and a gun metal fob. He owns a handsome gun metal ring of Oriental make, set with a great green-hued tourmaline, and he has a set of beautiful gun metal vest buttons.

The King is wearing shorter sleeves than he wore last year and his new shirts have attached cuffs that almost show the wrists. They are worn with link studs that are dull and dark in hue. None of the gleaming gold of last year. He wears a watch with a gram jewelry and is said to be almost entirely responsible for the monogram fad which is sweeping over the country.

His majesty has a spring promenade suit of smooth blue cloth rather bright and he owns a brown serge suit. His warm day suit is a black cashmere, unlined, and made with a little sack coat wide trousers and a white linen vest which can, of course, be changed for one of the checked calico or the figured chevrot variety.

The King is a hero to his valet because of his interest in dress and his taste in dress. He wears something handsome always, and when not elegantly dressed, is always very neatly attired. In fact that is the keynote of his smartness, his immaculate neatness.



As His Friends See Him.

might happen. A shower at 3 might disable the hat; there might be an accident such as will sometimes happen; the ironer may have done his work badly; and one after another the supply must be drawn upon.

Four Hats in Ten Minutes.

Not long ago the King entered his carriage to be driven through London to a ceremonial laying of a cornerstone, one of those affairs of which he is compelled to attend so many. He wore a

dark suit, a black overcoat, a bunch of violets and a silk hat.

As he entered his carriage, through the awkwardness of a groom the hat touched a rough surface. A man was sent back for another. This time the King, taking the hat in his hand, held it a moment and dropped it accidentally. A third hat was brought out and the carriage drove away. A sudden shower brought it back in ten minutes' time and for the fourth time the King—still smiling, for nothing disturbs him—drove away with another hat.

This Man Is a Genuine Sherlock Holmes

FOR once the "science of deduction," as propounded and practiced by Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, has worked out to perfection. Throughout the country there are thousands of amateur "specialists in crime" who have tried to apply the wisdom of the marvelous Baker Street detective, only to get into trouble or to become the butt of ridicule. But Sheriff Young, of Frederick county, Maryland, firmly believes in the Sherlock Holmes idea, and has proved his faith by his works. The result is that the "Mystery of the Broken Window" in the plant of the Ox Fiber Brush Company is solved, and three men are in jail charged with having set fire to the place.

This factory is on the outskirts of the city which Barbara Freiliche made famous. Near it are the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and several repair shops. The factory property is inclosed by a high fence, with a gate at the front.

Fire was discovered in the brush-back department, which occupies one corner of the rambling two-story frame building known as the works. By the aid of an automatic sprinkling device and the local fire companies the blaze was extinguished without doing much damage. The sheriff was called upon to investigate. He looked over the ground, and, after swearing in a deputy to enact the role of Dr. Watson, the faithful chroni-

cler, he finally announced that he would arrest three men.

In the first place the sheriff declared that the fire was of incendiary origin, for the persons who had started it had gained admission through a broken window. They had been employees of the factory and entirely familiar with the premises, otherwise they would not have known that the most inflammable material in the place consisted of the bonydry brush backs.

They lived not far from the factory, because they had found it convenient to steal cotton waste from the Baltimore and Ohio shops, which waste was of a peculiar kind, and could not be found anywhere else in the neighborhood. The oil with which this waste was soaked was of a grade used only by the railroad, and not to be purchased anywhere in the town. In a beer bottle found in an adjoining field remained some of that oil.

There were three men in the band, for the prints of three different sizes of feet were found in the soft and marshy ground, one set going to the factory, the other turning from it. Whoever the three men were, the sheriff knew that they were patrons of a certain saloon for the beer bottles in which the oil was carried bore the label of a Western brewer, whose product was for sale in only one place in Frederick. Inquiries at the saloon and learned that three discharged employees of the company had been there before

the fire. One of them carried a bundle. They were seen later coming away from the part of the town in which was the factory, but without the bundle, which was supposed to contain the waste and the beer bottle.

The prints of the feet showed that two of the men had worn shoes very much run down at the heels, while the sharper marks indicated that the third had new shoes. The sheriff then learned from a local dealer that one of the suspected men had recently bought a pair of shoes. He obtained an exact duplicate of the pair purchased, and they fitted the sharply defined tracks.

He thought it was about time to act, and so placed two of the men under arrest, and they implicated the third. After that, just to clinch the case, he took them out to the factory gate and asked them if they would compare their thumbs with the marks which appeared on the gate. The imprint corresponded exactly with the configuration of the lines of a thumb of one of the men. They admitted that they had all gone through that gate.

"And, by the way," said the sheriff, "I might as well tell you that you ran away from that factory like Sam Hill after you set the fire."

"How do you know that?" they asked. "Because," he answered, "the tracks leading away from the works did not show much of the heels, and a man when he runs fast goes on the balls of his feet."

Dr. Conan Doyle's hero could not have done better.